

 **caliber**

COMPOSITION BOOK

THE COMPLICATIONS
OF BEING-IN-ENVIRONS
BOOK TWO
WINTER 2012

3 Subject

Wide Ruled

120 Sheets

9.75 in x 7.5 in
(24.7 x 19 cm)

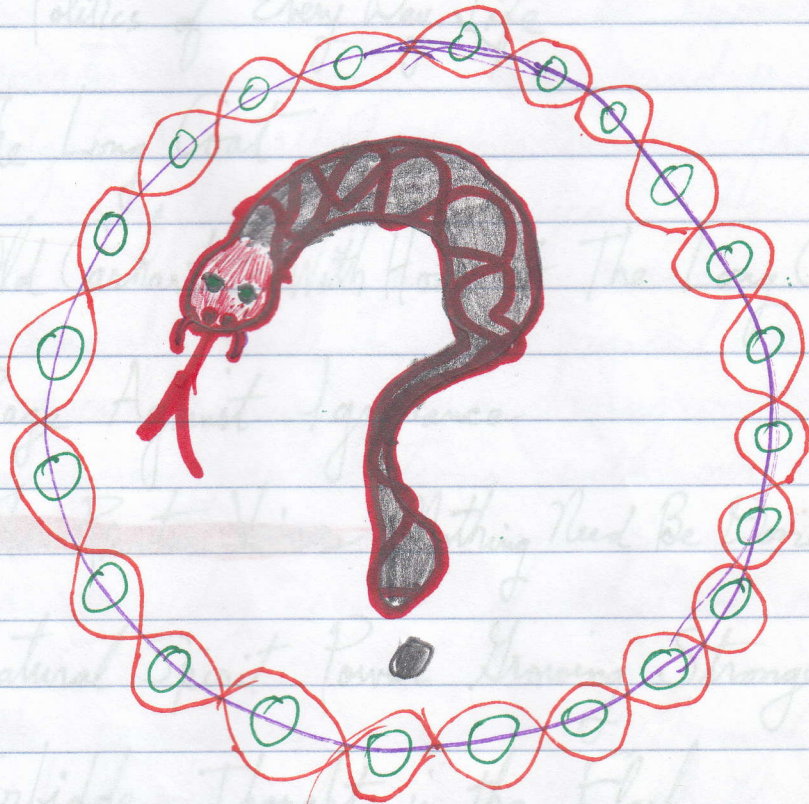
The Complications of Being-in-Environments

Book Two

2012: Winter

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THE INARTICULABLE IMMEDIACIES OF PREREFLECTIVE EXPERIENCE

20 December 2011 Tues.

[

Descartes was wrong. The mind is embodied. Thought is mostly unconscious. Abstract concepts are largely metaphorical. Human reason is a form of animal reason, a reason inextricably tied to our animal bodies and the peculiarities of our brains. Our bodies, brains, and interactions with our environments provide the mostly unconscious basis for our everyday sense of what is real.

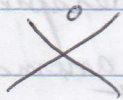
We conceptualize the world through our embodied experiences and the shaping provided by the structures of our bodies and brains. The body and brain are where meanings arise in and through our interactions with the environment and other people.

This embodied mind is part of the living body and is dependent on the body for its existence. The properties of the mind are not purely mental: they are shaped in crucial

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THE INARTICULATE IMMEDIACIES
OF PREFLECTIVE EXPERIENCE

ways by the body and brain and how the body functions in everyday life. Our flesh is inseparable from the flesh of the world (as represented "in our minds").



Emmanuel Levinas wrote, "There exists a weariness of everything and everyone, and above all a weariness of oneself. What wearies them is not a particular form of our life — our surroundings, because they are dull and ordinary, our circle of friends, because they are vulgar and cruel. But the weariness concerns existence itself."

I went into the CVS inquiring about the delivery-truck-unloader job — 6 hours Monday (night & shift). The ^{young} beautiful ~~Portuguese~~ ^{Honduran} woman was there. I asked her, she directed me to the blond manager woman. She said there is no position available.

[Hawthorne was writing psychological fiction before the field of psychology had developed. The Scarlet Letter was written in 1850 but harkens back to the Puritanical witch hunting society 200 years earlier. Still, there is something of that Puritanical authoritarianism here in 2012. The aim of the Puritan rulers is to bring every aspect of human life under control; this aim is incompatible with permitting the individual any private life, any "inner existence."]

[The main character, Hester, stands up for the welfare of the private person and the freedom of the inner world. She believes certain acts the Puritans call sinful are really good. She believes that the private, secret self is good. Her identity is in her inner life, as is my own.]

[The Scarlet Letter is a book that gives voice to a deep rejection and defiance of social regulations.] I have a gut feeling that Encounter the Enlightened may be a parallel text that may encourage me to celebrate that I stand alone. I am courageous —

not afraid of ostracization. I do not need to be "approved of." And yet the society I exist in thrives on approval-seeking tendencies. In this respect, the fact that I am basically a lone presence in my Internet forums in the age of "Facebook Followers/Friends" is actually a sign of merit.]

(Kafka) "Perhaps there are also other kinds of writing, but I know only this one; at night, when terror prevents me from sleeping, I know only this one."]

WINTER SOLSTICE



21 December 2011 Wed.

Could it be true that the huge tent Bungardenes is to receive is the very same tent used by the recently deceased Billy Clayton?

We shall see. I told Boomer I would help him carry the huge NASH TENT somewhere to see how to set it up. This could be more significant than I am consciously aware. I will let Trachycarpus via private message.

P

X

About the soup
Kitchen:

90,000
x 5
\$ 450,000 } What it costs to feed us
lunch for one year.

[President Obama spends \$4,000,000 in
one week on his Christmas fucking vacation,
enough to feed us for 8 years.]

Is there any other kind of war but a
dumb war? Wouldn't this imply that
there are only stupid soldiers?

Not necessarily. [Some soldiers are smart,
such as Private Manning. Of course,
they want him dead, or at least
brain dead.]

X

[Phenomenology begins in silence. There is a thinking
deeper and more rigorous than the conceptual, and
part of this involves a primordial link between
silence and understanding. Pascal was terrified by
the silence of the universe, and Hegel clearly felt
that what could not be spoken was simply the untrue



2 January 2012 Monday

[What do you say?
Two thousand, twelve or dos mil doce?
What kind of rigged game they play today?
About me, I don't care what they say!]



[While sitting/squatting in one of my favorite spots on Main Street, next to the Mex City food market, perched there like some aboriginal prophet, reading Hawthorne's The Scarlet Letter, I was forced to refer to the notes in the back of the text.

Near the end of chapter 4, "The Interview," Hester asked (her husband?), "Art though like the Black Man⁵⁵ that haunts the forest round about us? Has thou enticed me into a bond that will prove the ruin of my soul?"

55. (p. 70) the Black Man: witchcraft sprang from primitive religions that expressed belief in the incarnation of a god in a human or an animal. This god was always called a devil by the Christians and it appeared

disguised as an animal or dressed inconspicuously
(inconspicuously) in black; hence the
Devil is called the black man. " 7

2012.01.12

I was pleased with myself for tidying up when I received a call from an unknown number. I took a chance, for whatever reason, and answered the phone. It was Andrew Bryant, the landlord, calling from Florida. He informed me rather abruptly that because of so many complaints from my neighbors (as well as from house "across the street") about my disruptive behavior, loud music, loud yelling, singing, loud antisocial visitors, sloppy house, and even smoking! He said the police are always being called over there. What? They were only there once from what I remember. What the fuck?

I defended myself, saying that I am not at all surprised the neighbors can hear my music & singing as I can hear them snoring when I'm in the bathtub.

He told me that I have to make a decisive change now or risk being demanded to vacate the premises. The neighbors have already threatened to move out. I have organized my clothes a little, and I am not too concerned, really.

I refuse to be as quiet as a mouse when people can hear me through ~~the~~ the walls. Now there will be tension between us. There goes the neighborhood! How many Secret Enemies are banding together against me?

Evidently, the Mexican-American culture is not used to such independent free spirits such as me. They just don't get me, can't figure me out, and there are many "haters" who resent me for my "lifestyle."

Even Anne from my website, with her sudden hostility toward me, her obvious attacks against me for presenting myself as an enlightened "RASTAMAN".

2012.01.12

Q

I will not be too concerned about this threat. I was told I am permitted to smoke tobacco in the apartment. Now the Mexican neighbors complain even about my smoking! I admit I must be quite loud, even shocking, but I am WHO I AM.

The good thing is that I no longer give a fuck. ~~###~~ I am sick of ass-licking, slave breeding spineless gorks ganging together against me to get me in trouble, to punish me for my undomesticated way of life. It happens everywhere I go.

Fortunately, just after I got off the phone and cleaned the kitchen, I was off to the grocery store with my mother. She was supportive, letting me know that I do not have a "lukewarm" personality, and that many locals may be jealous of me for my refusal to conform, for NOT giving a FUCK about WORK DIGNITY.

"Mike & The Mad Dog"

add as many '!' as possible

©

19 January 2012 73

Thursday

There is an emotional plague of hatred out there in my fellow "human beings". For asking a large white man for 10¢ (a dime, ten pennies), he threatened me with physical violence and rudely cursed me, "...blah... ~~if you don't...~~ get a job you mother fuckin' asshole!"

I stared at him shocked and angry. I noticed two Chicanas witness this. I yelled out, "That WAS totally uncalled for! YOU ARE rude!"

Then I proceeded to rant & rave about this hateful white man to Filipe the cab driver while requesting 10 cents... He handed me \$1 and I was stunned with delight. Filipe and the Buddha do not curse me or judge me. I have an enemy in the masses. God damn bloody fascists in pickup trucks! The fucking good old boys hate me. Good! At least I get good vibrations from ~~women~~ ^{women}.

RAGE AGAINST IGNORANCE

[I can't describe the rage I feel toward these violent, brutal, stupid alpha-male types who openly curse me simply for my refusal to become a robot or corporate fodder. If it were up to these paramilitary fascists, they would have me starve to death.

Living in Smalltown, USA is science fiction. Why do I say this? There are grand schemes to break the resistance. Not everyone will be able to be educated. People are manipulated by their fears.]

If I am at the mercy of those who defer to the wealth-warped values of the dominant society, and these gods derive a sick kind of pleasure in this, I want to prevent relationships (such as employment, renting apartments, etc) which put me at their mercy.

If I take offense at a dunce preaching to me from Hebrew Scriptures, talking about soldiers as some kind of heroes giving their lives for our "freedom," how might I protest against such monumental stupidity?



25 January 2012 Wed

The fact that The Prague Cemetery by Umberto Eco (2010) is based on a DIARY OF A SCHIZOPHRENIC MADMAN with strong opinions fascinates me.

So, I may take excerpts.

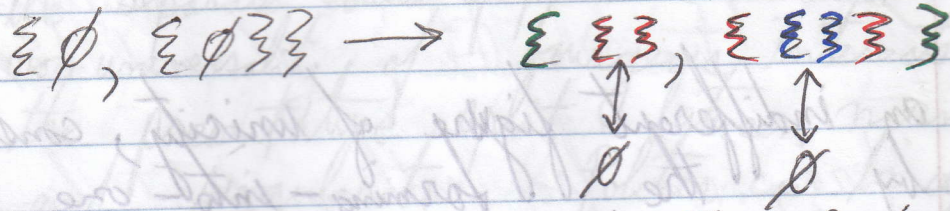
"The beauty of the body is only skin deep. If men could only see what is beneath the flesh, they would be nauseated just to look at women; all this feminine charm is nothing but phlegm, blood, humors, & bile."

"Consider all that is hidden in the nostrils, in the throat, in the stomach. And we who are repelled by the very thought of touching vomit, or ordure with the tips of our fingers, how can we ever want to embrace a sack of excrement?"

\emptyset

$\{\emptyset\}$

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Am I once again drawn to Alain Badiou's Being & Event?

\emptyset is the symbol for the empty set, $\{\emptyset\}$, "the void," NULL.

The void is a subset of any set: it is universally included. The void possesses a subset, which is the void itself.

Examining these properties of the void is an ontological exercise. The first property, that the void is a subset of any set, testifies to the omnipresence of the void.

The void, to which nothing belongs, is, by this very fact, included in everything!

The State considers the individual as a subset - not as Mike Ventrich (the proper name of an infinite multiple) but as $\{\text{Mike Ventrich}\}$.

an indifferent figure of unicity, constituted
by the forming-into-one of the
I name.

$a \in S$

Coercion consists in not being held to be
someone who belongs to a society, but
as someone who is included within
society.

$a \subseteq S$

"It is not for nothing that governments,
when an emblem of their void wanders
about — generally, an inconsistent or
rioting crowd — prohibit "gatherings of
more than three people," which is to
say they explicitly declare their non-tolerance
of the one of such 'parts,' thus
proclaiming that the function of the
state is to number inclusions such
that consistent belongings be preserved."

"The void is reduced to the nonrepresentation
of the proletariat, thus, impresentability
reduced to a modality of nonrepresentation;

the separate count of parts is reduced to the non-universality of bourgeois interests, to the presentative split between normality and singularity. Politics can be defined as an assault against the State. The State is precisely non-political."
 ~ Alain Badiou.

To think is to learn to see in a new way. Mathematics is a way of seeing Being.

\emptyset implies $\{\emptyset\}$

The singleton of the void is written here as $\{\emptyset\}$.

The name of the void is written here as \emptyset , meaning the empty set, $\{\emptyset\}$, NULL.

$\{\emptyset\}$ is the formation-into-one of the name of the void. Its sole element is \emptyset .

What would the parts of the power set $p(\emptyset)$ be? There is $\{\emptyset\}$ itself; there is also \emptyset because the void is included in every multiple.

\emptyset is part of every set. The multiple $p(\emptyset)$ has two elements: \emptyset and $\{\emptyset\}$.

Here, woven from nothing apart from the void, we have the ontological schema of the Two, which can be written $\{\emptyset, \{\emptyset\}\}$.

The element \emptyset is part of the Two. The element $\{\emptyset\}$ is also part, since \emptyset is an element of the Two. It belongs to it.

The two elements of the two are also two parts of the two. The mathematical concept of transitivity is therefore possible.

Transitivity tells us, "everything which belongs is included." The inverse is impossible. It is not possible for everything which is included to belong.

Not only is the Two a transitive set, but its elements, \emptyset and $\{\emptyset\}$, are also transitive. Nothing inside \emptyset is not "a part" since the void is no thing, the empty set, NULL.

This is the backbone of ontology, the study of Being - the very concept of Nature: Nature belongs to itself. I belong to myself.

Tommy (who I gave MADNESS & MODERNISM to as well as THE COMING INSURRECTION) was arrested today while I was shaking his hand. Freehold Boro was pecking him up for Marlboro on a warrant. Fuck. He had the knife I gave him? Fuck.

What is the meaning of me hiding most of my forums from the masses?

Well, think about Pink Floyd's The Wall.

It is pretty clear that I have built a wall, that I no longer care to "reach out" to the populations. I am in my own orbit, perfectly satisfied to forsake all, to develop disdain for my fellow human beings. Most are PHONIES.

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X

What is the significance of me walking around all day reading obscure literature & not giving a fuck about the bloody "Superbowl"? It is a statement. I have given up trying to "hurry" or find a job or find a wife or reproducing. I sit back and watch the river flow.

X

I had to forget about making a forum accessible to "guests" because the site was getting hit by spam, links to porn sites, advertisements and other nonsense.

I am in the process of moving posts from The Tip of the Big Mother Iceberg to The Wall. I still want to force people to log in. I'm really got too concerned about it. It has become clear to me that electronic communities build nothing.

The library has become a very difficult place to get anything done. I've written so much already. Now it may simply be a matter of organizing the material.

$\{ \emptyset, \{ \emptyset \} \}$

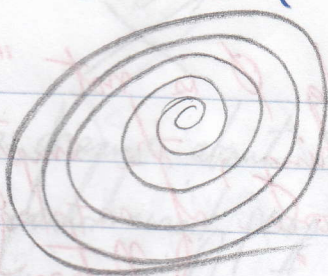
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Nothing inside \emptyset is not "a part" since the void is, ^{no thing}, the empty set, null. This is the backbone of ontology — the very concept of Nature: Nature belongs to itself.

If I get a chance to log in at $\{ \emptyset, \{ \emptyset \} \}$ again today, I will move "Sade - Priest and a Dying Man" into The Wall forum. My last post is not in the "public domain". I shall transcribe it herein, and, if time and circumstances permit, I will move it to THE WALL forum for all to see.

- [1. Sade is exalted as the philosopher in chains and the first theoretician of absolute rebellion.
- 2. Sade denies God in the name of Nature.
- 3. Sade surely went against his times. It was his mother-in-law, who, was always sending the police after him, demanding he be locked up in a cage. The freedom Sade demands is not one of principles, but of instincts. The romanticism he embraced was Lucifer-like in its rebellion.

ΣΣ0Σ,0Σ

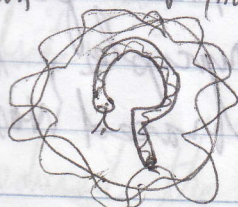


4. Has anyone done any research on the deity Abraxas?

In Biblical literature, Satan rises against his Creator because the latter employed forces to subjugate him. The rebel flees from this aggressive and unworthy God.

Abraxas is a kind of profound blending of good and evil.

Could it be that there is no unicity, no "whole self," that we are a multiplicity of disharmonious and conflicting impulses, and that these "complexes," desires, and "mental faculties" are what is alluded to in mythological constructs?



A delicious meal of meatballs at St. Peter's - and LORD JIM was not there.

751
see Book One, Section 1 (October 2011)

The only "LOGIC" is the logic of my feelings, my fantasies, my desires, the shadowy aspects of my weird multiplicity. I am not a unicity any more than anyone else.

Each creature may at times discover the radical anonymity of natural existence - the vegetative processes that form but a circumscribed region of its day-body.

In sleep, surface functions all but abandoned. I become a creature of depth, lost in respiration, digestion, and circulation.

My experiential world rests upon the restorative powers of this unconscious being, $\{ \}$.

I can surface only for a limited time before requiring resubmergence in the impersonal. ~~Go~~

The guts of the piano, turned into a percussional harp-like instrument of tremendous NATURAL-SPIRIT-POWER. I feel its power in the drums GROWING STRONGER.

Planet of the Bad-Ass Wild Dogs?
 We'll all be dead within a long month
 after the total collapse of the Taker Prison
 Industrial Complex. Wild dogs will rule
 the abandoned cities foraging on carcasses.

X

Heismann (who posted suicide note online
 before blowing his brains out
 with a pistol) wrote,

"While Marx took the rational side of
 Hegelian history to its leftward extreme,
 a root of the Nazi counterpoise
 to Marxism began with Schopenhauer's
 repudiation of Hegel. The fundamental
 irrationality of the Will posited by Schopenhauer
 impacted both Nietzsche and Wagner.
 Like a synthesis of Schopenhauer and
 Wagner, Nietzsche posited both the
 ultimate irrationality of meaningless
 history and the poetic creator of new
 values."

"What for Nietzsche was represented by Jesus and Socrates, was represented for the Nazis by Jesus and Mary. Between Marx's continuation of Hegel's rational secularization of Judeo-Christianity and Nietzsche's rejection of Jesus and Socrates, one can recognize the core Jewish/German divergence. The legacy of Nietzsche the Anti-Christ and Wagner the Anti-Semite combined in Adolf Hitler."

A ROOT OF THE NAZI COUNTERPOISE TO MARXISM BEGAN WITH SCHOPENHAUER'S REPUDIATION OF HEGEL.

Marx secularizes Judeo-Christianity.
How? slave caste, ruling class

Contrast Hegelian Marx with Nietzsche's rejection of both Jesus and Socrates.

This is the CORE Jewish/German divergence
Nietzsche-as-Anti-Christ + Wagner-as-Anti-Semite = Hitler?
These are some hard core REVELATIONS.

The people with the least are most stressed.
It's more stressful to be homeless in a capitalist society than to be CEO or President.

Who is this man with all this insight into our society? Gabriel Maté

Where is he from? VAN COUVER, CANADA

proximal separation: there ^{but} not present
because of stress

Puritans wanted to correct the natives aboriginals
NOT HITTING THEIR CHILDREN or picking
up and cuddling crying infant or child.

The Native Hunter/Gatherers picked up
stressed out children so their brains could
develop. A stressed brain becomes dis-
organized. The adult holding child
absorbs that emotional stress so
the child can contemplate peacefully.

Why did the Puritans want to correct this?
~~as it is~~ Our connection with ourselves is our
connection with Nature.

In our society we have a massive emotional shut down. I'm in touch with my emotions, but Officers may have permanently shut down their emotional systems. They are in so much pain that they can't take anymore - and they populate our madhouse prisons.

There is no WAR ON DRUGS;
there is a WAR ON Drug-Addicts.
This created a WAR APPARATUS OF
REPRESSION.

* privatized incarceration system *
suppression of self-expression is biggest stressor

Now, after a hearty lunch at St. Peter's soup kitchen, which included chowder with shrimp and clams, I walked around town, sitting in the sunshine, bumming cigarettes, listening to Fred Gammer on and on. Now, with no prospects for getting tobacco or alcohol, I may read some literature before lying down for a cat nap.

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X
Something from Umberto Eco's The Prague Cemetery reminds me of $\Sigma \emptyset$, $\Sigma \emptyset \Sigma \Sigma$ — as a "secret underground society":

70
"You don't find out about the plans of enemies of the state by divine inspiration. Someone said, perhaps exaggerating, that out of every ten followers of a secret society, three of them are working for us as mouchards, while six are fools who completely believe in what they're doing, and one man is dangerous."

*
I am very glad I came across Umberto Eco's © 2010 novel. Maybe I will even be able to read some tomorrow in Philadelphia while waiting for the compressor. Drinking coffee at 2 PM, even though it is "instant", along with the mild weather outdoors (I can have window open or even read outdoors) has got me in such a pleasant, calm, reflective mood.

Eco gets into very interesting stuff in this novel, harkening me back to when I was interested in the occult and conspiracy theories.

Cemetery
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Eco's
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when

I have 4 spare notebooks and plenty of ink... On FRIDAY, the 3rd, I will focus on food... Maybe tomorrow night I can start LAMORRY.

There are several passages that are very subtle yet speak volumes: "There's a fellow feeling among political prisoners. They're alone among villains of every kind. Let him to talk - the prison inmates pore him."

Even though I was unable to get any kind of "work" out there today for tobacco or beer, I am extremely calm. I was able to sleep very restfully from around 2PM to 4:30 PM; and while I never made it to the library, I will try to get on the Internet tonight after listening to the news on WBAI and eating some "instant sweet potatoes."

I was able to clean out an old automatic drip 4 cup coffee maker so I can enjoy coffee again. My "espresso machine" from a thrift store broke - so, besides lack of tobacco, I am prepared for a peaceful evening. I may even read The Prague Cemetery right there at the library while waiting for a computer. Tomorrow I ought to be a free day, travelling to Philadelphia with my father.

21
Perhaps insomniac alcoholics communicate with one another throughout the generations. Maybe, not just alcoholics, but all morbid melancholics who dare to express the stirrings of their hearts. Do we not sometimes experience the urgent desire to break out of the cage that is the "mass historical narrative"?

Is this possible in society? Doesn't solitude, at least ^{phys} psychological, mental, emotional solitude force us to embrace, or at least acknowledge, the awesome loneliness of the void at the core of existence? We are born to die.

Whereas I once might have become angry and bitter at the thought of a Mexican family or Puerto Rican family mocking me, laughing at me from behind closed doors and even openly in the street, now I think I am developing disdain, contempt, and scorn for a public opinion, even theirs!

Does the mob sense this? Could this motivate the herd to band together against me?

0

155

I like to walk around liquored up after the liquor store is closed with no money in my pocket just smoking cigarettes and celebrating my general detachment from concern for "polite society."

Now, especially isolated due to my "ethnicity" and level of education, I feel quite the extraterrestrial.

Surely confrontations with landlord will ensue now that other tenants are failing out.

At least I was able to make "Cheseburger Pasta" without totally burning the black beans I added. I was tricky enough to purchase both ketchup as well as Parmesan Cheese.

People may laugh all they want at me or even about me. This does not change the nature of my Being-in-the-World or Being-as-Nature. What is the purpose of my late night walks if not simply to intensify my powers of concentration by beholding the moon & stars?

X

I The geese continue to beckon me into the night,
to behold our common night wilderness, to embrace
it, to be one with it, to not hide from it,
to face it and face it down, or at least
to know it, even as we yield to it.

X

Another reason I like to wander and prowls late
at night: it beats sitting inside listening to things that
go bump in the night. Also, where does this
voice, this inner 'ancient breath of life',
go when walking outside at night? There is
no paper to transcribe thought onto, no light to
read transcriptions scribbled.

So, where is the source of thought?
What happens to "contemplation" when it is
liberated from alphabetic articulation?

Is it more prone to experience reality in
older languages such as smell, sound, or mood?

I will be taking my time with Artaud, especially Van Gogh: The Man Suicided By Society. How am I not to feel like the victim of a sinister plot to break my will-to-live? Surely there is a concerted effort to break me, to break my spirit. Those who wish to keep their control of all life on this planet will do anything to break our spirit!

"That's how society strangled all those it wanted to get rid of, or wanted to protect itself from, and put them in asylums, because they refused to be accomplices to a kind of lofty spill."

"For a lunatic is a man that society does not wish to hear but wants to prevent from uttering certain unbearable truths."

"But in that case, internment is not the only weapon, and the concerted assemblage of men has other ways of undermining the wills of those it wants to break."

Artaud may be one of the few voices who may be able to help me develop some kind of psychic Karate where I can defend myself against the emotional plague Wilhelm Reich wrote about.

I am sad. Too sad to even eat some dipsa.
My mother dropped off two loaves but I have
not had a piece yet. I cast my shadow
on the wall and I understand that I
am a threat to society's institutions since
I have a very sharp wit.

Schopenhauer taught me much about what
to expect in "society." I have no choice
but to face this unpleasant reality, that
through no fault of my own, just by
being me, I have invited resentment
against me. My "disability" in this
society is my superior intellect.
It causes others to fear and even
despise me, especially since I clearly
reject middle class values such as the
work ethic.

I think I am even discouraged about
the Internet, rapidly losing interest, running
out of motivation to even reach out to
anyone to a world profoundly disinterested
in what I think or say. Surely it
must be taking its toll on me. Still, I
believe I sleep best when I am sad. Sleep
is a little death, a reprieve from consciousness.

One thing is clear: I would not be able to engage in such scholarly investigations were I "gainfully employed", married, and raising children. I am a non-mass man.

Poverty makes a genius deranged.

Now, there is no doubt in my mind about my love for learning. I have been forced through circumstances to find power within. By now I have merged in my first love, philosophy, specifically phenomenology and cognitive science.

I am my own professor with my own curriculum. I may return to Flanagan's The Problem of the Soul & to come to terms with just how "at odds" I am with those who are under the spell of religions. Will I ever get back to Merleau-Ponty and Husserl? I believe I will, but there is no pressure to race through my current interests. I may read 6 books at a time, seeking deeper understanding as I go. I think I am finished with novels after The Prague Cemetery. I may go deeper into Hermann Hesse's STEPPENWOLF.